

The WARS of the ELEMENTS:

Or, a DESCRIPTION of a
Sea Storm.

To which are added,

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|--|--|
| I. The Contemplative Angler. | VII. The Frantick Lover: Or, The Beau in an Extasie. |
| II. A Dialogue between St. Peter and a Low-Churchman. | VIII. A new Riddle for the Ladies. |
| III. The Honest Layman's Approbation and Dislike: Or, Instructions what to Chuse and what to Shun. | IX. A Natural Song after Natural Folly. |
| IV. The Mercenary Harlot's Reproof to an Old Miser, who solicites her Favours. | X. Damon's Answer to Phillis. |
| V. In <i>Vino Veritas</i> : Or, The Tippling Phylosophers. | XI. The Taunting Repremand of a Young Wife to an Old Jealous Husband. |
| VI. An Epitaph on the French Prophet, who was to make his Resurrection on the 25th of May. | XII. A Punch-Bowl Song. |
| | XIII. The Lover's dereftation of Jealoutie: With Advice to his Friend. |

By the Author of The London-Spy.

L O N D O N

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T O

His Generous FRIEND

T--- S---, Esquire.

S I R,

THE following Trifles being Calv'd
at Rumpford, during the Weeks Re-
tirement I so happily enjoy'd within the
Garden Walls of your delightful Mansion,
I thought it the least piece of Gratitude I
could pay to your Civility, to return them
as an acknowledgement of that Bounty which
was the occasion of their Birth; well know-
ing you never wanted Goodness to accept of
That Kindly which you had reasons to be-
lieve was Respectfully intended.

Nor should I have ventur'd to have
Troubled you with so worthless a Present,
had you not been first sensible of the little
A 2 Leisure

The Preface.

Leisure I had from your Hospital Entertainments, to apply my self to any Task that might have been more worthy of your favourable Acceptance; so that I beg that may, in some measure, excuse the lowliness of the several Themes, as well as the meanness of my Performances: Tho', as Variety may properly be stiled the Mother of Delight, so I hope the Diversity of the Subjects may yield you something that may be agreeable to your Taste, as fashionable Sauces from a mixture of numerous Ingredients, have generally something in their Rellish that pleases every Palate.

Therefore, as the Fare, tho' it consists of several Courses, is in the main but Ordinary, I shall not presume to prepare your Appetite with a tedious Grace, but without a Pompous Dedication make bold to subscribe my self

Your Hearty

Humble Servant.

T H E

THE
WARS
OF THE
ELEMENTS.

W^{hen} by the help of Canvas Wings I'd flown,
In search of distant Worlds to me un-
[known,

And left my Native Country and my Friends,
To brave the Raging Seas, and Stormy Winds;
One Ev'ning, when a stiff and pow'rful Gale
Bow'd the tall Masts, and fill'd each spreading Sail,
As o'er the Main our Bark in Triumph rode,
And with her sturdy Keel the Ocean plow'd,

I gaz'd around me from the reeling Stern,
 That I the Wonders of the Deep might learn.
 Just as the Seas had swallow'd up the Sun,
 And snatch'd him from the blushing Horizon,
 Which for a time retain'd in Golden Streams
 A fading Tincture of his Fiery Beams ;
 Till the black Goddess of Infernal Night,
 Who on her Sable Wings pursues the Light,
 Came flying 'midst a fullen Cloud in haste,
 Which soon expanded from the East to West ;
 Then stretching wide her shady Pinions forth,
 She cover'd all the Seas from South to North,
 That in a trice the mighty Space grew dark,
 Nor could our Eyes behold one Starry Spark :
 But the wide Heav'ns were so depriv'd of Light,
 That to look upwards was to doubt of Sight.
 For when to Darknes so intenc confin'd,
 'Tis easie to imagine we are Blind.

No sooner had the Night, to our Surprise,
 Thus, in deep Mourning hid the spangled Skies,
 That not one glim'ring Meteor could appear,
 Or Star throughout the dismal Hemisphere.
 But Angry *Boreas*, from the Northern Shore,
 Chang'd his shrill Whist'lings to a frightful Roar ;
 And breaking thro' the distant Clouds began
 To curl the Billows of the foaming Main ;
 Whose Snowy Heads, like Mountain-Tops, look'd
 [white,
 And struck at e'ery Clash a sparkling Light.
 Such that oft flies from the swift Coursers feet,
 When Flint and Steel with sudden Violence meet.

The angry Waves now hiss'd amidst their Jars,
 As if Ten thousand Snakes had been at Wars ;
 And at each Gust that *Æolus* let fly,
 Mounted their frothy Heads full Topmast high.
 The Seas thus swelling with Tumultuous Rage,
 Did on all sides the rowling Bark engage ;
 And

And made her at each bold Tremenduous Stroke,
 Twist her stiff Planks, and tremble at the Shock.
 The frightened Sailors at the Storm aghast,
 Lowr'd the furl'd Canvas of each lofty Mast ;
 That the tall Pines might stand the more secure,
 And with less harm the Boist'rous Winds endure :
 With starting Eyes the Danger we beheld,
 Whilst growing Fears our fading Hopes repell'd.
 But the Bold Captain, who in Triumph stood,
 Commanding what he thought most safe and good ;
 Despis'd the Fury of the threatening Waves,
 And with Heroick Courage warm'd his Slaves.
 So the Brave Chief, not fearing to be Slain,
 Faces Deaths Messengers with proud Disdain,
 And Cheers his Sweating Troops upon the fatal
 [Plain.]

Sometimes, *My Lads Pump Briskly*, he would cry ;
 Then roar out, *Hard of Weather by and by.*

Hard

Hard up, I say, and give her all you can.

Well done, my Lad, thou Steer'st her like a Man.

She Boxes bravely, tho' the Sea runs high,

But, Heav'n be prais'd, no threat'ning Shore is nigh.

Ne'er fear, but Courage take my Hearts of Gold,

Go see what Depth of Water's in the Hold.

What say, my Lads, are all things safe below?

Yea, yea. That's well, we've a tite Ship I know.

Be Brijk, my Boys, we've nothing yet amiss,

Sh'as work'd thro' many a greater Storm than this.

Thus giving Comfort to his active Slaves,

With mounting Keel we climb'd the swelling Waves.

The sturdy Bark contending as she fled,

With the proud Billows that assail'd her head;

Did Bravely their united Pow'r divide,

And box'd her Briny Foes from side to side.

So the Courageous Bull, with Curling Crest,

When by his Dub-nos'd Enemies oppress,

Boldly

Boldly despising their Conjunctive Force,
With active Horns the angry Curs disperse.

At length the Winds with greater Violence blew,
And the proud Surges more Tempestuous grew :
Streams of swift Light'ning darted thro' the Air,
And rowling Thunder eccho'd from afar ;
The Sullen Clouds did in their turns gape wide,
And breath'd their subtle Flames on e'ery side ;
Which as they swiftly pass'd, hiss'd round the Bark,
Then vanish'd from our Eyes, and left us dark.
So the Disdainful Nymph her Mask withdraws,
And with a sudden Glance her Lover awes ;
Just throws her Light'ning at his wondering Eyes,
Then hides her Charms, and leaves him in Surprise.

As thus thro' Lofly Seas we cut our way,
Involv'd in Darkness, wishing for the Day,
The sporting Crampos round the Vessel play'd,
And thro' their Gills a hollow Groar'ing made ;

Cast

Cast up their Spouts into the thick'ning Air,
 And plow'd the angry Surges here and there.
 All seeming, by their fiery Heads, to bode
 Approaching Mischefs, when they 'rose and blow'd.
 Then bolting thro' the Waves, they made us feel
 The jarring Strokes they gave the sturdy Keel;
 That the whole Vessel trembl'd at the Shock,
 As if we'd struck upon some fatal Rock.

Porpus in Numbers revel'd in the Dark,
 And rowling by our sides admir'd the Bark.
 Their ugly Form, tho' Night, we could descry,
 By the swift Light'ning darted from the Sky.
 Sometimes they'd Sport upon each rising Wave,
 Pleas'd with the Flashes which the Heavens gave,
 As if the Finny Monsters meant to warm
 Their frigid Noses in the fiery Storm.
 So *Bats* and *Owls*, who shun the solar Light,
 Expand their pointed Wings, and rove by Night:

In frightful Tempests join their Mates and fly
 With greatest Pleasure when the Wind's most high.

The jarring Elements still fiercer grew,
 And all things seem'd more Dreadful to our view.
 The angry Seas their utmost Envy shew'd,
 And e'ery Cloud its flaming Sulphur throw'd,
 As if Contending Gods had been at Wars,
 And that the Heav'ns were ruff'd with their Jars.
 For as we tofs'd we trembl'd with the fright
 Of dismal Darkness, or tremendous Light :
 Nocturnal Horrors did the Globe embrace,
 And dire Confusion fill'd the Gloomy Space.
 The blazing Darts encounter'd with the Wind,
 And Bolts of Thunder follow'd still behind.
 For as the pointed Light'ning hissing flew,
 A dreadful Clap did e'ery Flash pursue.
 So Death's loud Engines we so oft employ,
 By whose swift Balls such Valiant Numbers dye,
 First spit their Fire, then eccho thro' the Sky.

The

The Seas in Mountains did themselves divide,
 And threat'ning Graves look'd deep on every side:
 Sometimes in Liquid Vales we rowling lay,
 Then thro' the Briny Alps we cut our way.
 Sometimes we sunk tow'rds *Neptune's* Palace down,
 As if transfer'd into some World unknown:
 Then climbing Wat'ry Hills, we 'rose as high,
 As if our Topmast touch'd the dusky Sky.
 Thus thro' the fright'ning Danger did we steer,
 All Lab'ring in the Storm, 'twixt Hope and Fear;
 Humbly imploring that the Gods would save
 Our floating Bark from each Tempestuous Wave:
 Which spir'd aloft, and with impetuous Rage,
 Its foaming Neighbours fiercely did engage:
 Yet still no sooner were their Wars begun,
 But many join'd their clashing Heads in one;
 As if they only joell'd with Delight,
 And, like true Lovers, quarrel'd to Unite.
 So Jealousies oft raise a sudden Strife,
 'Twixt the fond Husband and the am'rous Wife,
 B 2 Who

Who Smiling, soon conclude their verbal War,
And hug the Closer when their Jars are o'er.

The Storm encreas'd, as did our Trembling Fears,
And our best hopes were in our Pray'rs and Tears.
Fierce Hurricanes in Pow'rful Gusts assail'd
The sturdy Bark, till all our Courage fail'd,
Except the Captain, who Undaunted stood,
And with a Look serene the Danger view'd :
Whilst the Proud Winds, encreasing still their Force,
Swell'd the aspiring Waves from bad to worse.
And by the *Demons* of the Air impower'd,
Wrung the stiff Masts, and brought them to the
[Board ;
Whose lofty Heads had long in Triumph stood,
Whilst Dying Mortals stain'd their sides with Blood
When Show'rs of Bullets flew like *April* Hail,
From Foes that Storm'd our floating Citadel.
But now the Tow'ring Pines which long had born,
Their spreading Canvas were to shivers torn,
And

And by the Tempest stripp'd of ev'ry Sail,
 Bow'd their stiff Necks, and crackl'd as they fell.
 So the tall Oak that has for Years sustain'd
 The Force of Thunder, and the Rage of Wind,
 Yet some fierce Light'ning does at last confound
 The 'spiring Plant, and rends it to the Ground.
 Whose bending Arms, and solid Trunk had stood
 For Ages past, the Wonder of the Wood.

Now thro' the climbing Seas the Roving Hull,
 Unrigg'd, unmailed, and disrob'd of all
 Her useful Tackle, cut her Briny way,
 And still surviv'd her dangerous decay :
 So the Brave Mind with Christian Courage Blest,
 Will Nobly with impending Fate Contest ;
 Does on his own Bold Fortitude rely,
 And scorns to Yield whilst able to Defy.

The Trembling Sailors now, alas, began
 To shew their Fear, by looking Pale and Wan.

some

Some to their Pray'rs in humble Postures fell,
 As if the Storm had rung their Passing-Bell.
 Others more Bold and Hardy stood amaz'd,
 And with less Fear upon the Danger gaz'd.
 Some at the Pump their sturdy Arms employ'd,
 And did with Pains imprison'd Waters void,
 Discharging back to the imperious Main,
 The Captive Brine we in the Storm had ta'en.
 Others quite destitute of Sence or Grace,
 Thoughtless of present Death, or future Place,
 Like *Noah's* Beasts, stood Roaring in the Ark,
 And Curs'd the Winds that had unrigg'd the Barque.
 So Losing Gamsters, when with Passion drunk,
 Some Pray to Fortune, others Damn the Punk.

Thus *Neptune's* Sons their various Humours had,
 And those who Fear made Good, reprov'd the Bad.
 Whilst the most Wicked seeming least dismay'd,
 Discharg'd Infernal Oaths at those that Pray'd.

So Groaning Mortals, who on Death-Beds lie,
Make diff'rent Ends, and as they've Liv'd they Dye.

The Churly Boatwain busfl'd Fore and Aft,
Now Rav'd and Damn'd, and then a Dram he
[quaff'd;

With knotted Hemp reviv'd the Slothful Back,
That each in turn his Trig at Helm might take:
Driving the Drowfie Slaves from sleepy Ease,
T' attend the threat'ning Dangers of the Seas.
Cut down the Hammocks where the Lubbers lay,
And made them Labour to deserve their Pay.
Strain'd his hoarse Voice at ev'ry Fault he found,
And doom'd them to be Hang'd instead of Drown'd.
Kept all above Deck in a time of Need,
That none, thro' Sloth, might be from Duty freed,
But in their sev'ral Stations ready stand,
To instantly Obey their Chiefs Command.
Thus Pond'ring upon Fate, they hop'd to shun,
Disputing what was safest to be done:

Winching

Winching at Waves, they did with Dread behold,
 As o'er our Hatches they in Triumph rowl'd.
 So Troops, tho' Valiant, when their Foes appear,
 In trembling Files, behold the Danger near,
 Their Gen'als Orders with Impatience wait,
 Some hoping Conquest, others fearing Fate.

Still clashing Seas in frothy Mountains run,
 Which to stupendious Pyramids were grown ;
 Whose foaming Heads gave such amazing Light,
 That shew'd the Dreadful Perils of the Night :
 Huge Liquid Islands broke upon our Bow,
 And did with rapid Force our Decks o'erflow ;
 Run Fore and Aft, as if design'd our Graves,
 And rowl'd from Stem to Stern in Curling Waves ;
 Wash'd o'er our Heads, and then, by slow degrees,
 Stole thro' our Skuppers to their Native Seas :
 Yet still we liv'd by Providence Divine,
 Tho' for a space we pickl'd lay in Brine.

Th' Almighty Hand preserv'd us from the Main,
 For tho' we drown'd a while we 'rose again.
 Then like pale Convicts pardon'd by the State,
 We gladly view'd our disappointed Fate;
 And pleas'd we had surviv'd the Dangers near,
 With sudden Joy subdu'd our Pannick Fear.

Our Burthen now we lighten'd by degrees,
 And with our Wealthy Lading Brib'd the Seas;
 That each Triumphant Wave which o'er us run,
 Amidst the Storm might have no Pow'r to drown.
 For as the floating Barque less Water drew,
 More safely o'er the Liquid Hills we flew;
 And from the Dismal Valleys of the Main,
 Mounted aloft with greater ease again:
 So the Land-Robber, when he wins a Prize,
 And finds it weighty as in haste he flies,
 If close persn'd, he drops the heavy Purse,
 To save his Neck, by favouring his Horse.

The Seas impatient that we thus surviv'd,
 As if God *Neptune* thought us too long liv'd,
 With Raging Force the trembling Crew dismaid,
 And rent the Bolt-split from the Vessels head.
 The angry Ocean striving to obtain
 By Peacemeal, what at once it could not gain.
 This fresh Disaster caus'd a sudden Cry,
 As if our Hopes were sunk, and Death was nigh :
 A strong Confusion thro' the Barque arose,
 And Penetential Sighs were mix'd with Oaths :
 Some to Almighty *Jove* their Pray'rs apply'd,
 Some for their distant Wives and Children cry'd :
 Some dreading Death did a-la-mort appear ;
 Others exempt from any Signs of Fear,
 Seem'd Boldly to despise the Danger near.
 Just so in Battle, where the War-Horse Pants,
 The Heroe Blusters, and the Coward Faints.

The Brave Commander still Maintain'd his Ground,
 No shews of Terror in his Looks were found ;

Nor

Nor Cow'rdly Faulters in his Speech betray'd,
 His Manly Courage in the least decay'd;
 But on the rowling Deck h' undaunted stood,
 Braving the Danger, as a Heroe shou'd.

*Chear up, my Hearts, the God-like Monarch cry'd,
 In spite of Winds we still in Safety Ride:*

*What tho' the Shrouds are from our Gunnils torn,
 And to the Deck our lofty Masts are born?*

*What tho' the Bolt-split's shiver'd from her head,
 And on the Raging Winds our Sails are fled?*

Tet, by Jove's Providence, we Live and Swim,

And shall not Perish whilst we trust in him.

Be Brisk, my Lads, I hope the worst is past,

For Storms like these too Violent are to last.

Good Heav'n be prais'd, our Hull is tite and sound,

Chear up, and take a Cup of Comfort round:

Go, Boy, with the best Brandy fill a Kan,

And hand a mod'rate Dram to e'ery Man.

*Th Moon that bears Dominion o'er the Sea,
 And Rules the Waves, must near her Rising be,
 When she appears, the Damons of the Night,
 That vex the Winds, will vanish from her Sight.
 The Clouds begin to open in the East,
 The foaming Waves e'er long will be at rest,
 And all the Midnight Spirits fly to shun
 The Lucid Glories of the Limpid Moon;
 For the Mad Goblins, who in Darkness dwell,
 When Light approaches seek their Native Hell:
 Therefore, my Lads, be Vigilant and Bold,
 And Pump with Courage till ye clear the Hold;
 For if no unseen Danger lurks below,
 Aloft let's fear no Stormy Winds that blow.
 To doubt Jove's Goodness is a high Offence,
 He's always safe that trusts in Providence.
 The Brave, by Courage, Fortunes Frowns abate,
 Whilst Fainting Cowards hasten on their Fate.*

The Jarring Heavens still enrag'd, began
 To draw their Sluces, and discharge their Rain :
 In weighty Show'rs the piercing Waters fell,
 Shot down by Thunder, and commix'd with Hail;
 That on the slipp'ry Decks we quaking stood,
 Dreading a second Universal Flood.

Sometimes the Icy Stones, like Bullets flew,
 And on our Faces did their Violence shew,
 Caus'd by their sudden Stroaks a pricking Smart,
 Tormenting as they fell each naked part :

Sometimes in hasty Squalls the Rains were thrown,
 And by tempestuous Winds upon us blown,
 That the dark Show'rs that rattl'd on our Decks,
 And from our dripping Locks benumb'd our Necks.

In Cloudy Waves instead of Drops came down,
 As if the Restless Seas so Proud were grown,
 That quite disdain'g of the Sands embrace,
 'T had broke their Bounds, and fill'd the mighty

[Space.]

Thus

Thus falling Waters join'd the foaming Main,
And as we rowl'd in Brine we swum in Rain.

But when the Stormy Heav'ns in eager Wars
Had spent their Thunder, and appeas'd their Jars,
And Clouds their liquid Stores had Disembogu'd,
Which in their smoaky Arms they long had hug'd,
The spangled Roof did to our Joy appear,
And here and there 'twixt flying Skuds look'd clear :
The Eastern Sky produc'd a pleasing Light,
And from th' approaching Moon grew Calm and
[White-

Whose palled Rays each Moment brighter shone,
As the fair Goddess climb'd the Horizon :
Till starting up at last thro' distant Seas,
She did the Ocean's Fury soon appease,
As if she came with utmost speed to save
Despairing Mortals from a Wat'ry Grave.
Like Zealous *Persians* we ador'd her Light,
Bless'd the bright Nymph, and Glory'd in her sight,
Whole

Whose peaceful Looks, by some Celestial Charm,
 Soon quell'd the Rage of the declining Storm;
 Repell'd the Winds, and looking down in State,
 Did with calm Smiles the swelling Waves abate.
 Thus by her Influence all the Heav'ns were clear'd,
 That o'er our Heads no threat'ning Cloud appear'd;
 As if Night Spirits, who in anger fly
 Betwixt the restless Ocean and the Sky,
 Were bound, by the Decrees of Fate, to shun
 The pale-fac'd Moon, as Ghosts the rising Sun.
 Such Pow'r has Beauty, that each hurtful Sprite
 Flies from its Charms, as *Bats* and *Owls* from Light.

Thus all the Jarring Elements were tam'd,
 And Peace between the Winds and Seas proclaim'd:
 Thanksgivings now supply'd the room of Pray'rs,
 And sudden Joy persu'd our flying Fears;
 Our curdl'd Blood, by Dying thoughts congeal'd,
 Long from its usual Course by frights repell'd,

Resum'd

Resum'd its Native warmth, and now began
 To force its Passage thro' each frozen Vein.
 The Sailors their despairing Looks adjourn'd,
 And their late Fears were into Gladness turn'd.
 A pleasing Hope sat smiling on their Brows,
 And the calm Prospect did their Spirits rouse ;
 That as the World (now past the dreadful Scene)
 Appear'd as if 't 'ad fresh Created been,
 So every Man delighted with the view,
 Seem'd by his Aspect chang'd to something new.
 So the Wood Choristers in Wind and Rain,
 With dripping Wings set full of fear and pain :
 But when the Violence of the Storm is o'er,
 And the Sun Beams their pleasing Mirth restore,
 They clap their Wings for Joy, and Warble as before.

THE
CONTEMPLATIVE
ANGLER.

HOW beauteous do the Azure Skies appear,
How bright the Sun shine, how serene the
[Air?

How green and pleasant are each flow'ry Mead,

Where Teeming Nature does her Bounty spread?

How the calm Streams in soft meanders glide,

And Whisp'ring Kifs the Ofsers as they slide?

With what submission do the verdent Weeds

Upon the Surface bow their humble Heads,

D

And

And pointing downwards, as the Waters flow,
 Seem to direct the way the Stream should go:
 How blest do all things ——— Z———ds a jolly Bite;
 Efaith I've lost him: Pox of Fortune's spight.
 I thought him once my own, but now he's gone;
 What a D——n'd Fool was I to strike so soon?
 He was a thumping Devil by his weight:
 A Murrain take him, he has gorg'd the Bait;
 This Hook's too small to hold a Fish so great.

Once more have at thee: Now for better Luck;
 There's a fresh Worm to tempt thee to the Hook;
 But if thy Jaws are prick'd, then farwell Fish,
 I ne'er shall see thee butter'd in a Dish:
 For Fish once wounded, from the Bait retire,
As the Burnt Child will always dread the Fire.

How Fertile are the Banks on which I stand,
 With Flow'rs adorn'd by Nature's gen'rous Hand?

How

How kindly they defend the Neighb'ring Grounds;
 And keep the swelling Floods within their Bounds,
 Whilst bleating Flocks upon their Edges graze,
 And with cool Herbs prolong their happy Days?
 How good is bounteous Heaven, to bestow
 Such Mercies on its Creatures here below?
 O Bless! — Adsheart, what a huge Jack is there!
 O that I had my Trolling-Line or Snare:
 What a dull thoughtless Fool was I to come,
 Thus, Bungler-like, and leave my Tools at Home?
 Sure my Cross Stars with Fortune's Frowns unite,
 What a rare Supper shall I lose this Night?
 Nouns, I could leap upon thee, and bestride
 Thy brawny Back, and like Orion ride:
 How quick he's fled, as if the Rogue could hear
 My murm'ring Threats, and shot away for Fear.
 'Tis well thou'rt gone, or I'd have found some Way,
 To've stop'd thy Journey, and have forc'd thy Stay:

For thou art grown to such a large Extent,
That Butter ought to be thy Element.

Bless us! What Flights of Starlings tow'r Aloft,
And how the Pidgeons cover yonder Croft?
What Shame it is they should in Triumph feed,
And to the Farmer's Wrong, devour his Seed.
Had I my Gun, I'd wish no fairer Sight;
What Slaughter could I — Wounds! A Bite, a Bite.
I've mis'd again, but this Loss is not much,
'Twas but a *Minnoe*, or some puny *Roach*.
Some nibbling Fry that scarce could sink the Float,
Not worth the Dressing if he had been caught.
'Tis true, tho' small, a Dozen of such Fish
Might have been us'd for Garnish round the Dish.
But let me go, I've time 'twixt this and Night,
To fill my Bag with Thumpers, if they'll bite.
Not that I'll be so proud to scorn the less,
The sporting Fry the number will encrease.

For what we Anglers murder, Small or Great,
 We always count by Dozens not by Weight.
 Now for a Carp of Eighteen Inches long,
 I'd shew him Sport, I know my Tackle's strong.
 E'er now, with this same single Hair and Rod,
 I've weigh'd a Carp as big as any Cod.
 Hold, I believe I stretch a little there,
 However, 'twas a Monstrous Fish I'll swear :
 I'm sure it din'd full Twenty Men at least,
 And was esteem'd a very sumptuous Feast :
 Nay, there was more than all the Guests could eat,
 But 'twas indeed help'd out with Butchers Meat.

Bless me ! How sweet does yonder Sky Lark sing,
 As up Aloft she tow'rs upon the Wing ?
 The Glories of the Day delight her Eyes,
 And make her from the Earth in Triumph rise.
 But now she to her utmost Pitch is flown,
 She stops her Note, and drops in Silence down.

So the proud Fav'rite does at Court rejoyce,
 And as he Rises makes a wondrous Noise ;
 But soaring Higher than he ought to fly,
 With broken Wings he pitches from on High.

How Brisk and Gay ! ——— Adsheart my Float is
 [drown'd ;

Now for a Fish that weighs at least a Pound ;
 Pox on't, 'tis a Ground-bite, my Line is lost,
 Was ever Man with such ill Fortune crost :
 A Murrain take those Weeds that lurking lye,
 The Curling Surface hid them from my Eye.
 Chear up ; this bodes no Good, I must confess,
 Tho' I've more Tackle to supply its Place.
 But I'll remove from hence to yonder Nook,
 And not split twice upon one fatal Rock.

So, let me see ; Ay, this I think will do,
 Here's a fine Shade, and a deep Water too.

This

This is a likely Place as Heart can wish,
The Devil's in't if here I catch no Fish.
There I lie well, if Fortune be but kind,
I'll shew her Sport, altho' the Gypsy's blind.
When in one Post we've Disappointments found,
'Tis Wisdom for a Man to change his Ground.

How finely does this shady Willow spread,
And from the scorching Sun defend my Head?
Sure 'tis some *Daphne* chang'd into a Tree,
To save her Beauty from Pollution free;
And that she might, by being turn'd to Wood,
Escape the Fury of some lustful God.
O that I had my *Mariana* here,
With what Delight could I embrace my Dear:
Who could a more obscure Retirement find?
The Place by Nature seems for Love design'd.
No envious Eyes could interrupt our Joys,
What Am'rous Pair could make a safer Choice?

None

None but the Gods, and silent Fish could see,
 What pass'd betwixt the blushing Nymph and me.
 O that I had her strugling in my Arms,
 How kindly could I warm her melting Charms.
 By Hugs and Vows decoy the pretty Fool,
 And Fish for Joy in Love's delightful Pool.
 But this, alas, is but an idle Dream,
 Rais'd by the lulling Whispers of the Stream;
 Whose pleasing Murmurs do my Soul inspire
 With gentle Love, and kindle up Desire.

A Bite, a swinging Fish, a Pox of Love.
 Well struck, he's mine, I have him fast, by Jove.
 I dare not weigh him he's so large, I fear
 He'll snap my Line, that's but a single Hair:
 Hang it, I'll try, now Fortune give me Luck;
 Adsdeath, he's sheard my Line and gorg'd my Hook.
 He was a bouncing Rogue, so monstrous Big,
 He rowl'd about and tumbl'd like a Pig.

Nouns, that my Line should break and let him go,
 Fortune's a Whore to tantalize me so.
 What Man can such a Loss with Patience bear?
 Such cursed Luck would make a Parson swear.
 This is a fretting Plague, a double Hurt;
 I've lost at once my Booty and my Sport.
 My Lines and Hooks are gone; I'm ruin'd quite,
 Just as the *Perch* and *Trout* begin to bite.
 Had it not been for this confounded Fish,
 I'm certain I had caught a Noble Dish.
 Besides, my Wife may lose her Longing by't,
 I told her she should Sup of Fish this Night.
 And since I've none to carry Home, I fear
 She'll think, poor Girl, I had 'em dress'd elsewhere;
 So teaz her self that I should prove unkind,
 And with her own Mistakes disturb her Mind.
 However, I have one Reserve at last,
 To save my Credit, and delight her Taste:
 I'll to the Miller step, for a small Sum
 He'll cast his Net, and send me loaded Home.

For he that disapoints a Longing Wife,
Adds Thorns and Briars to a Marry'd Life.
For Wives as well as Concubines we find,
No longer than they're humour'd will be kind.

A

A

DIALOGUE

Between

St. *PETER*,

AND A

Low Church-man.

St. Peter.

W^H*T, how now Friend, I prithee of what Church*
Art thou, who knocks so boldly at the Porch ?

Low Church-man.

If the Profession of my Faith you'd know,
I'm of that Church which People call the Low :

A Moderator, full of saving Grace,
Therefore, Friend *Peter*, prithee let me pass.

St. Peter.

*Stand off, proud Soul, have I my Honour lost ?
Sure thou forget'st my Title and my Post :
Have I been Sainted many hundred Tears ?
As by the Roman Calendar appears ;
And after all must I be thus despis'd
By Clowns, as if I'd ne'er been Canoniz'd ?*

Low Churchman.

Thou know'st, Friend *Peter*, thou wert mean of Birth,
And Bred but a poor *Fisberman* on Earth.
'Tis true, the *Romans* say thou wert their Pope ;
Thou'rt ne'er the more a Saint for that, I hope :
For Popes are wicked Antichristian things,
Meer Bishops, and as bad, or worse than Kings.

How

How then can we that are the Righteous grant
To thee the Holy Title of a Saint?

St. Peter.

Have you this Doctrine from a Low-Church Guide?

Do you in such gross Falsities confide?

Was I not, long since, an Apostle chose?

And have I not the Pow'r to Bind or Loose?

When my Great Lord by Judas was Betray'd,

Did I not boldly draw my Trusty Blade,

And cleave the Ear of Malchus from his Head?

Was not my steddy Faith the Rock or Stone

The very Christian Church was Built upon?

And were not Heavens Keys resign'd to me,

In Witness of my stanch Fidelity?

Did I not Preach the Truth where e'er I came,

And Die at last a Martyr for the same?

Ascend from Earth to keep the Holy Gate,

Where Kings and Bishops do my Leisure wait:

And

*And must my Saintship be disputed now,
By such a worthless stubborn Soul as thou,
When Princes do my sacred Stile allow?*

Low-Churchman.

You've done your self great Honour I confess;
But 'tis an easie Task to make it less.
† Your Tatter'd Nets you did forsake 'tis true; † *D. B's
Doctrine.*
Perhaps for the good Loaves you had in view.
What tho' you drew your whiniard, as you said,
And cut the High-Priest's Servant o'er the Head,
Did you not prove an Atheist and a Lyar,
And thrice deny your Master by the Fire?
How then can such a Lame Apostl' expect
That Title, only due to the Elect?

St. Peter.

*Blasphemous Wretch, how durst thy wicked Mouth
Dis honour and Prophaue the Holy Truth?*

Do'st

*Do'st thou not know it was before decreed
 That I should say and do what e'er I did?
 Did not the Godhead in the Flesh foresee,
 And truly Prophecie how things should be?
 How then could I do other than fulfill
 His sacred Word, according to his Will?*

Low-Churchman.

Your Lord's Pre-knowledge of your false reply,
 Could not enjoyn his Servant to a Lie :
 Christ was too Just, who did your Guilt foresee,
 To force you to a Sinful Falsity.
 No; 'twas your Fear, and not our Saviour's Words,
 That caus'd you to deny the Lord of Lords.
 The Son of Truth would not impose on you
 What's false, to make his own Predictions true ;
 Therefore, instead of me, 'tis you Blaspheme,
 In charging your own Frailty upon him.

St. Peter.

*Tho' Heav'n commands no Mortal Man to Sin,
 Nor does to Evil Deeds our Hearts incline,
 Yet does it oft permit the Best on Earth
 To shew the Curse intail'd on Human Birth,
 That Man may know by Nature he's too base,
 And weak to do his Duty without Grace.
 Proud Man on his own Strength would else depend,
 And no Oblations to his Maker send :
 Forget from whence he does his Breath derive ;
 And thoughtless of his God would thankless Live ;
 Therefore wise Heaven, tho' my Faith was strong,
 Permitted me to do my Conscience wrong ;
 That future Ages by my Lapse might see,
 No Christian without Grace can stedfast be :
 Not that just Heav'n commanded me to Sin,
 But thro' Neglect the Devil drew me in.*

This

*This weakness of my Nature Christ foresaw,
 Therefore foretold how I should break his Law,
 That future Christians might depend alone
 On God, and no Lame Vertues of their own,
 But at all Times and Seasons watchful be,
 And humbly Pray they may be always free
 From those Temptations that prevail'd on me.*

Low-Churchman.

*Prithee, old Friend, forbear this needless Chat,
 Keep me not in suspense, but Ope the Gate;
 I've here a good Certificate to shew,
 I lov'd the Church and the Dissenters too;
 Pray'd and Commun'd with Both, oft Fed the Poor,
 And join'd with All sides to be more secure:
 Therefore I hope you'll not Dispute my Right
 To pass the Gate into Eternal Light.*

St. Peter.

Hold, Friend, thy Passport wants a Bishops Seal:

Thou com'st not from the Church Episcopal.

I can't presume to let you in this way;

You must return to yonder Gloom and stay

To have your Cause determin'd at the last Great Day.

T H E

T H E

Honest Layman's

APPROBATION and DISLIKE;

O R,

Instructions what to Chuse,
and what Sun.

I Love good Wine, but Hate a careless Sot ;
A Rake who, to the Scandal of his Life,
Shall pay more Deff'rence to a Tavern Pot
Than to a Faithful Friend, or Vertuous Wife.

I Doat on Female Beauty, yet Despise
 The common Punk that Prostitutes the same :
 She who first Fires you with her wanton Eyes,
 And then for half a Dollar cools your Flame.

I Love the Lady with an awful Face,
 Modest by Nature, not Disguis'd by Art,
 Who, without Boasting, has both Wit and Grace
 Sufficient to protect her Female Heart.

I Honour the True Church that does preside ;
 Observe Her Precepts, and Her Rules Obey :
 But cannot truly Reverence the Guide
 That gives each Blockhead leave to chuse his way.

Give me the Pilot that observes the North :
 For he that Steers at Randum with each Wind,
 Shews he believes th' Immortal Freight not worth
 The Port of Heav'n, to which the Soul's Consign'd.

I Love a Man of Honour, and a Friend,
Who say no more than what they mean to do;
But hate those prating Blockheads, who pretend
More Kindness than they e'er design to shew.

With good Companions I delight to sit,
Men of such Prudence that they Spend to Spare,
Who Talk no less than what becomes their Wit,
And Drink no more than what their Brains can bear.

I Love the Pleasures of a dusky Grove ;
Not there to Sigh for some disdainful Maid,
But to Contemplate on the Things Above,
And Bless the Hand that form'd the happy Shade.

Reading I love, and very often look
Into Old Authors, till I tire my Eyes,
But hate a Canting, Damn'd Fanatick Book,
That's stuff'd with nothing but deceitful Lies.

' I love a chearful Story, that is full
 Of merry Flirts, if modestly exprest,
 But hate a noisie Coxcomb that's so dull
 To tell amazing Lies without a Jest.

I love my Native Country and my Prince,
 And with true Zeal for both their Wellfare Pray,
 But hate that Tribe, who as they did long since,
 Continue still to Murmur and Betray.

THE

T H E

Mercenary Harlot's

R E P R O O F

T O A N

Old Miser,

Who Solicites her Favours.

C A N S T thou, penurious Wretch, pretend
To be a Lover, or a Friend,

When only Destin'd to adore

Thy swelling Bags of glitt'ring Ore.

No Beauty, can thy Eyes behold,

But in a Face that's Stamp'd on Gold :

Or

Or in the Royal Phiz that Shines
On the pale Dross of *Indian* Mines.

Blush at thy Flatteries, and forbear
Thy formal Cringes to the Fair :
No Hand on my soft Bosom lay,
But to thy Bags thy Courtship pay :
My Favours I shall only spare
To those who Young and Gen'rous are.
Beauty by Heaven is design'd
To bless alone the Noble Mind,
And not for those who prize the Charms
Of Mammon, more than *Chloe's* Arms.
Thy Grov'ling Soul's not fit to move
In the delightful Sphere of Love :
'Tis not refin'd enough to know
The Pleasures which from Beauty flow ;
Nor can you in Perfection taste
Those Joys we lavish, when Embrac'd

By

By a fond Lover, who would lose
 A World for's Mistress, or his Spouse ;
 And, like *Antonius*, Sacrifice
 The Globe to his *Cleopatra's* Eyes.
 Such are the Lovers I admire,
 Who when their Hearts are set on Fire,
 Will Sell their Lands to quench their Flame,
 Or wade thro' Blood to win the Dame :
 Lay down their Treasure at her Feet,
 And to her Charms their ALL submit.
 Thus purchase with their utmost Wealth,
 Those Joys so often reap'd by Stealth.
 For what kind Fair One who has Darts
 To Wound the brave, and pleasing Arts
 To ease their Captivated Hearts,
 Would cool the warm Lascivious Itch
 Of an old Parsimonious Wretch ;
 Who is, alas, too narrow Soul'd,
 To pave the way to Bliss with Gold :

G

And

And durst not open one Seal'd Bag,
To make his *Chloe's* Buttocks wag?
Be gone, poor Muckworm, quit my Room,
And let the Gen'rous Lover come :
No Am'rous Joy shall I resign
To him that doats upon his Coin :
He's only welcome to the Charms
Conceal'd in *Chloe's* tender Arms,
Who values no Expence to know
The pleasing Tenement below.

I N

Vino Veritas:

O R,

The Tipling Phylosopher.

D*io*genes, Surly and Proud,
Who Snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there's Truth;
Till growing as Poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus would never deny

A Bumper to Comfort his Heart,

But when he was Maudlin would Cry,

Because he had empty'd his Quart:

Tho' some are so foolish to think,

That he wept at Mans Folly and Vice,

When 'twas only his Custom to Drink,

Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democrates always was glad,

To Tipple and Cherish his Soul,

Would Laugh like a Man that was Mad,

When over a flowing Bowl;

As long as his Cellar was stor'd,

His Liquor he'd Merrily quaff,

And when he was drunk as a Lord,

At those that were Sober he'd Laugh.

Copernicus

Copernicus, like to the rest,

Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,

And fancy'd a Cup of the best

Made Reason the brighter to shine.

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,

And made his Philosophy reel,

Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,

Run round like a Chariot-Wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,

Had been but a Dunce without Wine,

And what we ascribe to his Parts,

Is but due to the Juice of the Vine.

His Belly, some Writers agree,

Was as large as a watering Trough,

He therefore jump'd into the Sea,

Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd Divine;

He wisely to Vertue was prone,

But had it not been for good Wine,

His Merits we never had known.

By Wine we are Generous made,

It furnishes Fancy with wings,

Without it we ne'er should have had

Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

A N

A N
E P I T A P H
O N T H E

French Prophet,

Who was to make his Resur-
rection on the 25th of *May*.

H E R E lies a Prophet, who, as People say,
Will rise again the Twenty fifth of *May*;
But if he does, then I'll be Hang'd that Day.

Lacy may Rattle at his Coffin-Door,
And knock till he has made his Knuckles sore,
But if he wakes, I'll sleep for evermore.

Should

Should he start up alive to Human Eyes,
 I must confess 'twould prove a great Surprize ;
 But if he should not, then the Prophet Lyes.

O'th' First of *April* had the Scene been laid,
 I should have Laugh'd to've seen the Living made
 Such *April* Fools and Blockheads by the Dead.

But since the Prophet has mistook the Day,
 Come all ye Fools and see him rise in *May* ;
 If Cheated, Piss on his Presumptive Clay.

Another

Another on the same Prophet:

Written by himself.

IF on the Twenty fifth of May
The Day of Judgment happens,
I'll rise as surely on that Day,
As Aldermen love Capons.

But if both Days prove not the same,
I here advise you fairly,
To go like Blockheads as you came;
I cannot rise so early.

H T H E

THE

Frantick Lover:

O R,

The B E A U in an Extasie.

O That my Eyes could from their Sockets start,
And like swift Bullets from their Cannon fly,
With them I'd shoot *Dorinda* to the Heart,
And there in Secret should my Eye-Balls lie.

There should they watch her Motions, and her
[Thoughts,
And e'ery am'rous wanton Action see,
Bear witness of her Vertues and her Fau'ts,
And e'ery Hour report the same to me.

Were

Were I on *Babel's* Tower perch'd on high,
 Where all beneath in Minutire appears;
 Or plac'd on *Caucasus* so near the Sky,
 That I could hear the Musick of the Spheres.

Should but the Fair *Dorinda* walk below,
 Altho' she seem'd no bigger than a Flea,
 From the proud Mountain I my self would throw,
 To catch the Nymph, that she my Love might see.

Nay, were she chang'd into a *Dolphin's* Shape,
 And Destin'd by the Gods to Live and Rove
 I'th' Ocean, that her Beauty might escape
 The Rage and Fury of my ardent Love.

I'd Plow the Billows of the Gulph like *Drake*,
 And Swim till I the Beautilous Fish had found;
 Then mount her Charming Belly, not her Back,
 And like *Orion* ride the Ocean round.

Why should she Curse me with a Scornful Frown,
 When with a Smile she might her Lover save,
 Who for her sake would Poyson, Stab, or Drown,
 Were he but sure to hug her in the Grave.

For were I frozen in the Earth's cold Bed,
 One gentle Stroke with her reviving Hand,
 Would fire my Spirits, raise me from the Dead,
 And make me bolt upright before her stand.

O that I had her clasp'd within my Arms,
 Like fierce *Bucephalus* I'd Snort and Foam,
 And glut my Passion with her melting Charms,
 Tho' Crowds of Angels to her Aid should come.

But since my Love she either Scorns or Hates,
 With kind Ideas I'll support my Flame,
 Chase her from hence thro' Adamantine Gates,
 And in the neather World pursue the Dame.

A
NEW RIDDLE
FOR THE
LADIES.

What's that in which Good Huffs take
[delight?

Which, tho' it has no Legs, will stand upright?

'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,

Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knees.

At th' end it has a hole, 'tis Stiff and Strong,

Thick as a Maiden's wrist, and pretty long:

To a soft place 'tis very oft apply'd,

And makes the thing 'tis us'd to fill more wide;

Yet

Yet Women love to riggl' it to and fro,
That what lies under may the wider grow.
By Giddy Sluts it is sometimes abus'd,
But by Good Hussiffs rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
That it may fitter for their purpose be,
When they to occupy the same are free.
Now tell me, Merry Ladies, if you can,
What this must be, that is no part of Man?

A

A
Natural SONG
AFTER A
Natural Folly.

NOW, *Damon*, you have had your will,
Pray what are you the better?

Why, Dearest, could you not lie still,
And bridle headstrong Nature?

How Foolish, Negligent and Cool,
Methinks you look upon me,

Now you have made me such a Fool,
And twice or thrice Undone me.

Were

Were it to do again, I'm sure,

I'd not be won so easie ;

I'd Dye before I'd be your Whore,

Or Damn my Soul to please ye.

For since you have done what you have,

I know you'll but abuse me,

And make me your Submissive Slave,

When you've a mind to use me.

Suppose that I with Child should prove,

How you would Rave about it ;

And Swear, perhaps, to shew your Love,

Some other Person Got it.

But have a care ; for if it shou'd

Be so, as I Surmise it,

I'd make you love your Flesh and Blood,

Or else I'd claw your Eyes out.

Damon's

D A M O M's
A N S W E R to
P H I L L I S.

SINCE, *Phillis*, you've been such a Fool
To yield me your Embraces,
I know you'll turn a Common Trull,
And soon have all your Paces;
I beg you'll not depend on me
To be your Constant Lover,
For since you've prov'd so very free,
My Passion now is over.

I

I

I only wanted what I've got,
The Broaching of your Beauty,
But hate to be so dull a Sot,
As to be kind or true t'ye.
Therefore if you should Pregnant prove,
I vow I would much rather,
To Fifty more you'd shew your Love,
Than chuse me for a Father.

THE

M
T
A
Y

THE
Taunting Repremand
OF A
Young W I F E
TO AN
Old Jealous HUSBAND.

WHAT's matter with the Crusty Fool,
Must your Example be my Rule?

Must I forbear the Park and Play,
To Rub your hoary Head all day,
And make it my Delight to please
Your Doating Bearded Foolleries?

I 2

Not

Not I, indeed, 'tis plague enough,
 At Night to hear you Wheeze and Cough
 Like an old Ram that's doom'd to Rot
 In some low wet unwholsome Spot.
 Nay, to endure your pois'nous Breath,
 That's tainted by your mould'ring Teeth;
 At Meals to see you Chew your Food,
 As Couchent Cattle do their Cud:
 And as you Mumble, Eat and Prate,
 To drop your Stumps upon your Plate;
 Then pick 'em up to let me see,
 The Emblems of Mortality.
 How can you think a Woman, who
 Can boast of Youth and Beauty too,
 Will tamely bear, within a Cage,
 The cold Infirmities of Age,
 Without some Freedoms that may poize
 The Plagues she finds, instead of Joys?
 Prithee now therefore mind, my Dear,
 Thy Nodding in thy Wicker-Chair;

And

And with Tobacco whiffs Perfume,
 At once thy Nostrils and the Room :
 And hide those nasty Sents that rise
 From Rotten Teeth, and Running Eyes,
 And Issues in thy Arms and Legs,
 To lengthen Life's uneasy Dregs.
 And ask not me where 'tis I go?
 Where I have been? Or what I do?
 Such Questions suit not with your Age,
 Now going off the Publick Stage :
 Teaze not your poor Remains of Life
 About the Conduct of your Wife :
 Books, Meditations, Beads and Pray'rs,
 Better become your Snowy Hairs :
 The thoughts of your approaching Fate,
 And prudent Settling your Estate :
 The Christian hopes of future Bliss
 In the next World, when snatch'd from this ;
 Dreams of those Heav'nly, but unknown
 Abodes, beyond the Sun and Moon ;

Where

Where lucid Joys Reward the Good,
 When cleans'd from Sinful Flesh and Blood.
 Now Old, you only ought to please
 Your Soul with such Delights as these :
 And not perplex your Doating Years
 With Result's Jealousies and Fears;
 Or make the Vertues of a Wife
 The Care of your Declining Life.
 Since you are past the Nuptial Sport,
 Should I prove Wanton, where's the hurt ?
 Would not a spritely Off-spring be
 An Honour to your Age and me ?
 What if your Land's by others Sown,
 Your Patience makes the Crop your own ?
 Tho' your Friend gives the strenuous Jirk,
 You'd have the Credit of the Work ?
 The Flatt'ring World will wish you Joy,
 And find your Likeness in the Boy.
 I am too Brisk and Gay, I own,
 Now Marry'd, to remain a Nun.

The cold Deficiencies of Age,
 Cannot my Youthful Heat assuage:
 Whilst you are Old, and I am Young.
 I must—— and therefore hold thy Tongue:
 For 'tis not the Voluptuous Wife,
 But Jealous Spouse that breeds the Strife
 Which plagues a Matrimonial State,
 And does such Hellish Feuds create.

Therefore if you would easie be,
 You should Connive at what you see,
 And let me take my Liberty.

A

Punch-Bowl Song.

FAIR *Cbloe* is a Scornful Jade,
 For all her Lovely Charms,
 Because The flouting Gipsie said,
 That she'd not trust me in her Arms.

But since the flowing Bowl,
 That Cheers my drooping Soul.
 Does much the kinder Mistress prove,
 Tell me no more, no more of Love.

But give me a Cup, a Cup, a Cup,
 As full as it can contain ;
 For I am resolv'd to Drown, to Drown,
 To Drown the Scornful Quane.

THE

T H E

Lover's detestation of Jealousie,

W I T H

Advice to his FRIEND.

A Vaunt thou Fiend of Jealousie, avaunt!
 No more my Love with thy ill Spirits haunt;
 Let not thy Brood of Serpents sting my Breast,
 Distract my Brains, and rob me of my Rest.
 Off-spring of Hell, Tormenting as its Flames,
 That Burns in private, and whilst Living Damns;
 In e'ry corner of the Soul it lies,
 And knows us like the Worm that never dies.
 Fills us with Horror wheresoever we go,
 And cools the sweetest Joys we taste below.
 Turns Love and Friendship to Revenge and Hate,
 And oft provokes us to Embrace our Fate:

K

Nay,

Nay, makes us thirst, when to a Frenzy grown,
 For others Blood, and careless of our own,
 Eclipses Beauty, tho' she's ne'er so bright,
 And makes her dreadful to her Lover's sight.
 Causes those Charms which Nature has bestow'd,
 To prove as hateful as the glaring Toad.
 Makes the whole World, and all that's in it seem
 A frightful Chaos, and our Lives a Dream,
 And as it self's of an Infernal Hue,
 It causes all things to appear so too.
 So when the Jaundice does our Looks disguise,
 And with its Golden Symptoms stains our Eyes.
 It makes each Object we behold appear,
 As Nauseous as the die our Bodies wear.

It fills our Fancies with abrupt Conceits,
 Betrays our Judgment, and confounds our Wits.
 Forms dreadful Monsters in the working Brain,
 And wounds the Heart with an incessant Pain.
 So Raving Madmen, when their Eye-balls rowl,
 Dreadful Imaginations rend the Soul:

That

That from the wretched Tortures which they feel,
 As they sit fetter'd in a darksome Cell,
 They fancy Men are Devils, and the World a Hell.

O Jealousie ! How happy should we be,
 Were Human Love from thy Distractions free :
 Beauty would then the greatest Blessing prove,
 That Man could Wish, or Ask for from Above.
 But since the greatest Pleasures we enjoy,
 End in remorse, that does the Bliss destroy ;
 And still do something in themselves contain,
 That shew at last the Flatt'ring Trifle vain.
 And Beauty, tho' so Charming to the sight,
 Never wants Plagues to ballance the Delight.
 Who then, if Prudent, would disturb his Mind
 For fickle Woman, wav'ring as the Wind,
 Whether she's False or Faithful, Cross or Kind.

For since by Nature Man is prone to Range,
 'Tis fit the Fair should be inclin'd to Change.

Or what Variety in Love could be,
 Were they as Constant as they now are Free?
 Therefore let no Man interrupt his Rest,
 About his Fair One's being Loose or Chast.
 Ne'er let the Curse of Jealousie confound
 His peaceful Breast, but let the World go round.
 Where Man for Int'rest will betray his Friend,
 And Lovers Vow what neither do intend:
 Where Guides themselves from Vertues Rules depart,
 And Justice use but as a Term of Art:
 Where Husbands do their Lawful Mates beguile,
 And Chast-look'd Wives their Nuptial Beds defile.

Therefore, my Friend, if you would happy prove,
 Let not your ease depend on Female Love:
 But keep your Breast from Jealous Conflicts free,
 For Women will be False as well as we.

F I N I S.